Aron. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.
I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted boyes,
Yee white-limbde walls, ye ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although she laue them hourely in the flood:
Tell the Empresse from me I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.
Demet. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?
Aron. My mistris is my mistris, this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I preferre,
This maugre all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.
Demet. By this our mother is for euer shamde.
Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.
Nurse. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chiron. I blush to thinke vpon this ignomie.
Aron, Why theres the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the hart:
Heeres a young lad framde of another leere,
Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father,

As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you imprisoned were,
He is infranchised and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seale be stamped in his face.
Nurse. *Aron* what shall I say vnto the Empresse?
Demet. Aduise thee *Aron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
Saue thou the childe so we may all be safe.
Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consult.
My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.
Demet. How many women saw this childe of his?
Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe, but if you braue the *Moore*,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
The Ocean swells not so as *Aron* stormes:
But say againe, how many saw the childe?
Nurse. *Cornelia*, the midwife and my selfe,
And no one else but the deliuered Empresse.
Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell when the thirds away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said, *He kills her.*
Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to the spit.
Demet. What meanst thou Aron, wherefore didst thou this
Aron. O Lord sir, tis a deed of pollicie,
Shall she liue to betray this gilt of ours?
A long tongu'd babling Gossip, no Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are: